

# THE PAUPER OF PARK LANE

By WILLIAM Le QUEUX.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### Which Is Distinctly Mysterious.

Max Barclay, on leaving Dr. Petrovitch, had taken a cab straight to Charlie's chambers in Jernyn street, arriving there shortly before 6. Green, his man, had told him, however, that his master had returned soon after luncheon, ordered two big bags to be packed, and had left with them upon a hansom, merely saying that he should be absent a week, or perhaps two, and that no letters need be forwarded.

Max was not surprised at this sudden departure, for old Statham had a habit of sending his confidential secretary hither and thither at almost a moment's notice. The old fellow's financial interests were enormous and widely dispersed. Some of them were in Serbia and Bulgaria, where he held concessions of great value.

He had had a finger in most of the financial undertakings in the near East during the past fifteen years or so. Out of the Oriental Railway extension from Salonica to the Serbian frontier alone he had, it was said, made a huge fortune, for he was the original concessionaire. For some years he had lived in the Balkans, looking after his interests in person, but nowadays he trusted it all to his agents, with occasional visits by his confidential secretary.

Therefore, Max suspected that Charlie had left for the East, more especially that at the hour he had left Jernyn street he could have caught the afternoon continental service from Charing Cross via Boulogne.

So he went on to his own rooms, changed, dined at the Automobile Club, his mind full of what the doctor had told him concerning Charlie and Maud. He had, of course, suspected it all along. Marlon knew the truth, but loyal to her brother, she had said no word. Yet when he had seen Rolfe with the ex-stationer's pretty daughter, he had long ago guessed that the pair were more than mere friends.

That the doctor disapproved of the affair was somewhat disconcerting, more especially as he had openly declared that he had other ideas of Maud's future. What were they? Was her father hoping that she would marry some young Serbian—a man of his own race?

He sat in his room, smoking a cigar till nearly 10 o'clock, wondering how he could assist the man who was not only his dearest friend, but brother of the girl to whom he was so entirely devoted and whom he intended to marry.

He sighed with regret when he thought of her undergoing that shop drudgery to which she had never been accustomed. The early rising, the eternal drive of business, the head-on collision with the world, those petty, snapping women customers, and those hasty scurries for meals. He had seen her engaged in her business, and he had met her after shop hours, pale, worn, and fagged out.

And yet—he the man who was to be her husband—lived in that ease and idleness which an income of twelve thousand a year secured.

Had Petrovitch not told him that Marlon was dining at Cromwell road and going to a concert with Maud afterward, he would have wired to her to meet him. But he knew how devoted the two girls were to each other, notwithstanding the difference of their stations, and how Maud welcomed Marlon's company at concerts or theaters, to which her father so seldom came.

Suddenly it occurred to him that if he returned to the doctor's he would meet Marlon there later on, when she came back from Queen's Hall, and be able to drive her home to that dull street at the corner of Oxford street, where the assistants of Cunningham's, Limited, "lived in."

This reflection aroused him, and, glancing at the smoking-room clock, he saw it wanted a quarter to 11. He slipped on his dressing-gown, and, having a cab, told the man to drive to Victoria, where he took the underground railway to Gloucester road station.

From there to the house of the ex-minister was only a very short walk. The night was mild, bright, and starlight, for the haze of sundown which had threatened rain had been succeeded by a brilliant evening. Cromwell road is always deserted at that hour before the cabs and carriages begin to return from restaurants and theaters, and as he strolled along, knowing that he was always welcome at the doctor's house, he felt that smoke, his was the only footfall to be heard in the long, open thoroughfare.

Ascending the steps beneath the wide portico, he pressed the visitor's bell, but though he waited several minutes there was no response. Again and again he rang, but the bell was apparently out of order, so he gave a sounding rat-tat with the knocker.

Then he listened intently; but to his surprise, no one stirred. Over the door was a bright light, as usual, revealing the number in great white numerals, and through the chinks of the venturing blinds of the dining-room, he could see that the electric lamps were on.

Again and again he rang and knocked. It was surely curious, he thought, that all the servants should be out, even though the doctor might be absent. The failure to arouse anybody caused him both surprise and apprehension. Though the electric bell might be out of order, yet his loud knock must be heard even up to the garrets. London servants are often neglectful in the absence of their masters, and more especially if there is no mistress, yet it seemed hardly creditable that they would go out and leave the place unattended.

Seven or eight times he repeated his summons, standing upon the door steps with his ears strained to catch the slightest sound.

Once he thought he heard distinctly the noise of stealthy footsteps in the hall, and he held his breath. They were repeated. He was quite certain that his ears had not deceived him, for in the street all was silent as the grave. He heard some one moving within as though creeping slowly from the door.

What could it mean? Were thieves within? He examined the door to see if the lock had been tampered with, but so far as he could discern, it was untouched. He was undecided how to act, though now positively certain that something unusual was in progress.

He glanced up and down the long road, with its rows of gas lamps, but no one was visible. The only sound was the far-distant rat-tat of the postman on his last round.

For the doctor to be out of an evening was very unusual; and that stealthy footstep had alarmed him. If there were actually thieves, then they had probably entered by the area door. Max was a man of no means a coward. There was a mystery there—a mystery he intended at once to investigate.

Dr. Petrovitch was one of his dearest friends and he meant to act as a friend should act.

What puzzled him most of all was the absence of the servants. All of them were apparently highly trustworthy, yet

the foreigner in London, he remembered, often engages servants without sufficient inquiry into their past.

For a few moments he stood motionless, his ears strained at the door. The movement was repeated. Some one seemed to be leaving the dining-room, for he distinctly heard the light footfall.

Therefore, with scarce a sound, he crept down the steps to the pavement and descended the winding flight to the area door. With great caution he turned the handle, but, alas! the knob went right round in his hand, the door remaining still fastened.

A light showed in the kitchen, but whether any one was there he of course could not tell. Again he tried the door, but without avail. It was securely fastened, while, as far as he could ascertain, there were no marks of any forcible entry.

Should he rap at the door? Or would that further alarm the intruders? He had knocked many times at the front door, it was true, but they would not doubt wait until they believed he had gone. Or else they might escape by the rear of the premises.

What should he do?

He hesitated again, with bated breath. Next instant, however, he heard upon the stone steps above him, leading from the pavement to the front door, the light tread of feet quickly descending. Some one, having watched him descend there, was leaving the house! And yet so noiselessly that at first Max believed himself mistaken.

In a second he had dashed up the area steps and stood upon the pavement. But already he realized the truth. The front door stood ajar, and the intruder was lying as fast as his feet could carry him in the direction of Brompton road.

Swiftly, without looking back, the man sped lightly along the pavement to the next corner, which he turned and was a moment later lost to view.

Max Barclay did not follow. He stood there like a man in a dream. "What a heaven's name, is the meaning of this?" he said powerless, he stood in the direction the fugitive had taken.

His first impulse had been to follow, but next moment, as the escaping intruder had passed beneath a street lamp, he recognized the figure unmistakably, both by the clothes and hat, as none other than his friend Charlie Rolfe.

He fell back, staggered by the discovery. For quite a brief space he stood, unable to move. Then, seeing the door ajar, he ascended the steps and entered the house. The lights were switched on everywhere, but, on going in, something

which it was he could never describe—crossed the threshold than he became instinctively aware that some mystery was there.

In a few seconds the amazing truth became apparent, for when he entered the dining-room, to the left of the hall, he started, and an involuntary exclamation of surprise escaped him. The place was empty, devoid of every stick of furniture!

From room to room he dashed, only to find that everything had been mysteriously removed. In the brief hours of his absence Dr. Petrovitch had apparently fled, taking with him all his household effects.

He stood in the hall utterly dumfounded.

Why had Rolfe been there? What had he been doing in the empty house? The swift manner in which the removal had been effected increased the mystery, for he had not left the doctor's 10 o'clock. Besides, he had no doubt dined with his daughter Maud and with Marlon, and they would not leave until about 8 o'clock.

Again, a removal of that magnitude, requiring at least two vans, after dark could not possibly be effected without attracting the notice of the constable on duty!

Perhaps the police really did know who carried out the sudden change of residence. Anyhow, the whole affair was a complete enigma which amazed and stupefied him.

Presently, when he had somewhat recovered from his surprise, he ascended the stairs, his footsteps now echoing strangely through the empty place, and there found that the drawing-room, and, in fact, all the other rooms, had been completely and quickly cleared. The carpets had in some cases been left, but in the hasty removal curtains had been torn down from the rings, leaving cornices and poles, and the grand piano remained, it being apparently too large and heavy for rapid transit.

He ascended even to the servants' rooms on the top floor, but found scarcely a vestige of furniture left.

In one back room, a small half-garret with a slightly sloping roof, he noticed a cupboard, which curiosity led him to open, as he had opened other cupboards. As he did so, he saw a bundle upon the floor, as though it had been hastily thrown there.

As he pulled it forth it unfolded, and he then saw that it was a woman's light gray tweed skirt and coat.

The latter fell damp to his touch, and as he held it up to examine it he saw that the breast and sleeve were both saturated with blood!

It dropped from his nerveless fingers. Some secret crime had been committed in that house, so suddenly and mysteriously divested of its furniture.

But what?

Max Barclay, pale as death, stood gazing around him, staggered, bewildered, terrified, scarce daring to breathe.

Why had Charlie Rolfe fled so hurriedly and secretly from the place?

What, indeed, had been his business there at all?

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

## ACTION IN PAUL ROY CASE

Official Coming to Capital with Glacia Calla's Charges.

State Trying to Bring Husband of Beauty Back from France.

Concord, N. H., March 2.—Deputy Sheriff Scott, of Exeter, arrived here this afternoon, bringing from Portsmouth the necessary affidavits and other documents to accompany the official demand of the State of New Hampshire upon the republic of France, through the State Department at Washington, for the extradition of Paul E. Roy, accused of the murder of George A. Carkins, at Newington.

Sheriff Scott received this last document from Secretary of State Pearson and left for Washington with it to-night, charged with the personal delivery of it to the proper authorities at the National Capital.

The complete list of documents which he carries included the document of requisition; affidavits as to the alleged murder, sworn to by Glacia Calla, her mother, Mrs. Kelly, and Dr. W. H. Nute, the assistant medical examiner; the complaint against Roy, made by Sheriff Collins, of Rockingham County, and the warrant for his arrest, issued by Judge Sims, of the Portsmouth Municipal Court.

MANSFIELD SALE OPENS.

Art Properties of Late Actor Bring \$3,397 First Day.

New York, March 2.—The first afternoon sale of the art property collected by Richard Mansfield netted \$3,397.

There were 213 lots in this section of the sale, the first 218 numbers consisting largely of china, glass, silver, and bric-a-brac. There were included also a number of line engravings by Thomas Cook after the original engravings by William Hogarth, engravings and photographs of theatrical interest, some artist's proofs and a few old Chinese paintings.

Englishman Wants Papers.

New York, March 2.—Among those who applied to-day for citizenship papers to Clark Donovan, of the United States Naturalization Bureau, was Capt. George E. Luck-Howard, an Englishman who has spent seven of his thirty years chasing pirates, smugglers, and other careless gentry in the Philippines.

On "Art of Expression."

Mrs. M. Landon Reed, of New York, spoke on "the art of expression" at the First Presbyterian Church, John Marshall place, last night.

Mr. Reed will deliver a course of public lectures at the Shorham, beginning next Friday at 4:45 o'clock in the afternoon, when she will talk in "lower through police."

On Friday, March 13, at 4:45 o'clock, Mrs. Reed will talk on "Walking: A lost art." Friday, March 20, she will talk on "The breath of life."

MARCH 3 IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

1534—First colony arrived at Potomac for the settlement of Maryland under Lord Baltimore. It consisted of 20 Catholics from England.

1723—Battle of Brice Creek, Ga., when the Americans were surprised and defeated by the British under Proctor.

1751—District of Columbia organized.

1810—The great elm tree at Kensington, Philadelphia, under which William Penn held his first treaty with the Indians in 1682, now down.

1815—United States declared war against Austria.

1837—The independence of the republic of Texas recognized by the United States.

1861—"The Crittenden compromise" defeated in Congress.

1862—An act of Congress suspended the habeas corpus act during the American civil war.

1884—United States Supreme Court again upheld validity of legal tender notes issued in war-time, which had been redeemed and raised.

1893—Island made admiral of the American navy.

1902—Initiation of the Albanian boundary treaty between the United States and Great Britain exchanged at Washington.

1904—President Smith, of the Mormon Church, confessed he was living with five wives; named seven spotted living in polygamy; said plural marriages had not been performed since 1890.

1905—Six persons killed and twenty injured in head-on collision on Pennsylvania Railroad near Pittsburgh.

1907—Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, sent resignation to governor, to take effect May 1; ended sixteen years' service.

SEA GULLS.

On board the steamer Newport News, Jan. 11, 1908. (Written for The Washington Herald.)

Sea gulls! Sea gulls! Wings white, like a woman's breast! Will you sit on forever; will you never, never rest? Scoring, whirling, dipping into the ocean's bosom Twirling, fluttering, flying, not caring for time or tide.

Sea gulls! Sea gulls! In the soft air with your resplendent play! Come carry me away with you, as o'er old ocean's foam I roam you stray. Storm and tempest around you, you'd not falter—yet you feel no fear! And the turbulent current of passion dies as you flutter near.

Sea gulls! Sea gulls! Like spirits in robes of white, Fluttering to beguile me; to make my soul forget its night! Flying, whirling, clinging like snow to the icy beam, I feel the thrill of love's sweet remains from out of a buried past.

Sea gulls! Sea gulls! Come where the white vapor creeps. Come, while low waters are stagnant; come, while the moon sleeps. From out the storm and wreckage help me find Love's old, sweet nest. From out of the darkness of sorrow's sea, come, lift me into rest.

Sea gulls! Sea gulls! Hush time chilled with her cold embrace! The martial blood within me? Her frenzied, marble heart turned to ice the fire-turned my face away from the sun! Love's tale is empty and broken, and the ways of love undone.

Sea gulls! Sea gulls! Bear me out on the swelling tide! Let me pour out love's libations and know no God beside! Let me once more be madly loved by passion's frenzied flood. And lure with fever fire than Isis' altars could.

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## MAY CLOSE CONDUIT

Georgetown Citizens Vote On Rock Creek Question.

PRESIDENT WANTS TO RESIGN

Association Representing Sentiment of Community Decides in Favor of "Cover" for Creek, Calling "Open-treatment" Idea a Menace to Health-Engineer Gives Lecture.

Action was taken by the Georgetown Citizens' Association last night in a meeting in Red Men's Hall, Thirty-second and N streets, favoring the "closed treatment" of Rock Creek improvements.

After much discussion, the association voted in favor of the adoption of the report of the committee on public improvements, which provides that the waters of Rock Creek be covered by means of a covered conduit in as direct line as possible from a point in the creek bank near Lyon's mill to the south line of L street, in Georgetown.

"Open treatment has been under consideration for some time in the plans for the improvement of Rock Creek. The report of the public improvements committee of the Georgetown Citizens' Association reads:

"Notwithstanding the belated report of the present District Commissioners leans toward the open treatment, this committee is unanimous in coming to the conclusion that such treatment is out of the question for a polluted stream, as the creek is at present from its drainage of Zoo Park; and the sewers emptying into it at O and P streets, as well as beyond the corporate limits, renders such treatment a menace to public health and even more nauseating than are the present dumps."

The report was prepared and read by John Hadley Doyle.

Engineer Gives Lecture.

Until last night the Georgetown Citizens' Association, which practically represents the entire sentiment of Georgetown, has been undecided just what course to pursue on the question of treatment of Rock Creek.

Last night the minds of the members of the association on the subject were cleared by a lecture given by Walter J. Douglass, engineer in charge of plans for the improvements proposed along Rock Creek, illustrated with stereopticon views.

Estimates were made by Mr. Douglass, as follows: Open treatment, \$150,000; semi-covered treatment, \$3,000,000; full conduit, No. 1, \$5,000,000; full conduit, No. 2, \$7,250,000; all treatments, from L street to Potomac Park, \$1,000,000. The War Department estimate for 1900, amounting to \$17,325,000, was not deemed as practical as the others.

Having in view the fact that the report of the committee on public improvements had been accepted by the association, and seeing that its contents bound him to a directly opposite position to that which he had held in the past, President George A. King asked that his resignation be accepted, as he could not conscientiously present the wishes of the association before the Commissioners.

Find Way Out.

This difficulty was overcome by Albin K. Parris, who moved that the committee on public improvements accept this duty and thus prevent the president of the association from resigning. Henry S. Matthews, first vice president of the association, in whose favor President King resigned, refused to take the office proffered to him under those conditions and the association voted to retain Mr. King as president.

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## Spring millinery opening

300 French and American hats

What's to be new this spring in hats? Come and see. You'll be amazed and delighted with the new ideas portrayed. Crowns are much higher. Extremes are the order of the day—either small turbans or large picture hats have been ordained by fashion.

Soft, feathery effects are much pronounced, although flowers will be much used to adorn the new hats.

A new feature is hats made of rough rajah and other Oriental silks, and these, together with rough braids, seem to be most popular.

Maline and dotted nets are much used in trimming, and the soft effect thus produced is found becoming to many women.

New colorings are coral, jacques, mauve, taupe, the new Copenhagen, cactus, and "mitraille," together with the staples.

Pattern hats range in price—\$35 up to \$65.

Wonderful variety of hats at \$5 and \$10.

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